

*K Ephemerides* *pp. 2465*  
5  
OLD POOR ROBIN.  
AN ALMANACK,

COMPOSED  
(According to the modern Mode of Composition)  
ON  
A Variety of Subjects, both Ancient and Modern.

And for the Reader's further Entertainment,

Part in Prose,  
Part in Verse;  
Part Narrative,

Part Contemplative;  
Part Serious,  
Part Comic;

FOR THE  
Entertainment and Improvement of the Human Mind  
and adapted to the meanest Capacity.



*46-6-24-102* BEING

A new improved Edition of a very old  
EPHEMERIS, for the Year of our Lord, 1793.

Being the one Hundred and Thirty-first Edition:

The First after Bissextile or Leap Year,

And the Forty-first Year of the New Sile in Great-Britain.

Written by POOR ROBIN, Knight of the *Burnt-*  
*Island*, and Well-Wisser to the MATHEMATICKS.

If for the true genuine POOR ROBIN's Di'ry,  
Or for Moore, or for Partridge, you should make Enquiry,  
He begs in particular you will take care  
That you are not put off with false Birmingham ware  
Let him who despises all counterfeits call  
For the Almanacks publish'd at Stationers'-Hall.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the Company of STATIONERS: 96

And sold by R. HORSFIELD, at their Hall, in Ludgate-Street.  
Price only Ten Pence for Paper, Printing, the Expence of  
setting the Press, the Duty for Stamps, and the immense Trouble  
of Composition; as he gives the Stitching gratis.

---

## P R E F A C E.

*Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.*

Virg.

**K**IND customers, this art of writing  
Is far more pleasant sure than fighting;  
On mount Parnassus plucking posies,  
Better than getting bloody noses.  
Merry and happy sure's the man,  
Who first devis'd this useful plan;  
That wisely wrote to banish care,  
And stir good humour every where.  
So wishing all my friends may meet,  
A pleasing edifying treat;  
If I can make my verses chime,  
I'll write my Preface now in rhyme;  
Melodious, charming, every verse  
Rare things, or new things shall rehearse.  
If you expect though rhyme and reason,  
Your expectation's out of season;  
As it is more, upon my word,  
Than I can possibly afford:  
How can I such grand subjects handle,  
By the dim light of farthing candle?  
I should have tapers made of wax,  
A pox now take this candle tax;  
That I with elegance might show  
How smoothly my chaste numbers flow.  
On subjects lofty how I'd shine,  
You should have sense in every line,  
Reason herself should joy to see  
How very clever I could be;  
But as to joining rhyme and sense,  
In a small book sold for ten pence,  
Of which four go for stamps to pay,  
Can hardly at this time of day  
Expected be, since it is more  
Than many a folio's done before.

Thus the beginning I have pen'd,  
So you are certain of the end;

End

End must whatever is begun,  
But to undo, what once is done,  
Has puzzled many sapient heads,  
And laid them sleepless on down beds.

When I began my theme last year,  
So noble, elegant, and clear;  
On merry glee, and laughter wild,  
Pleasing to woman, man, and child;  
How men have monkey-like grimaces,  
And women pretty tongues and faces:  
Who could have thought the end wou'd be,  
A hymn on the Nativity?  
And who knows, if my present theme,  
Shall end in moral or in dream,  
Patience of Job, or death of Priam,  
Is wiser, I confess, than I am.  
Foresight and prudence it requires  
To know all this, which, who desires,  
Or thinks, to find in Robin Poor,  
Is a great blockhead to be sure.

These Prefaces (sage authors say,  
But I confess 'tis not my way)  
Should shew (and this they ne'er neglect)  
What in the book you may expect.  
But how a man can ope his throat,  
About a book that is not wrote,  
Describe the sections, scope and end,  
When not a line of it is pen'd,  
Is hard to say; so great and small,  
Their Prefaces write last of all.  
But I, this absurd scheme to blast,  
Write Preface first and *Finis* last.

For a fit subject now to write on  
This Preface, long enough to fright one.  
I could do well enough for writing,  
But all the plague is this inditing.  
And that I should by way of verse,  
These matters mystical rehearse,  
Who knows the wherefore, or the why,  
Is wiser far than you or I.

Yet I suppose a little drinking  
 Wou'd please me more than much dull thinking;  
 But the poor sons of Phœbus must,  
 Or write, or be as dry as dust:  
 And his hot godship, call'd Apollo,  
 Whom, heathens say, all poets follow,  
 Was ever infamous, for spoiling  
 The coolness of good wine, by boiling.  
 And when of warmth we've need the most,  
 He hies him to another coast;  
 When we're by January froze,  
 To Bay of Botany he goes.

Hail Bay of Botany! I've hit on  
 A subject rare as e'er was writ on,  
 Where summer sun, and Christmas pies  
 Behold together, the same eyes.  
 Then to admire the hopeful-host,  
 The knights of pad, and squires of post,  
 Sighing and languishingly greet,  
 The fair that once walk'd London's street;  
 Where formerly, as story goes,  
 A woman walk'd without a nose.  
 To think upon the hopeful breed,  
 That must such fires and dams succeed,  
 What sons and daughters shall arise!  
 What blessings to the southern skies!  
 What Miltons and what Turpins then!  
 Shall bless this austral race of men!  
 What progeny from heaven descend!  
 The breed of mortal men to mend!  
 Where such as Barrington, and Wood  
 Shall labour for the publick good.  
 All then must wond'rous be and wise,  
 New arts and sciences shall rise,  
 New Newtons, Simpsens, Purcells, Popes,  
 To teach new systems, tunes, and tropes.  
 All crimes must cease, old fraud must fail,  
 And Justice mend her broken scale:  
 Astrea's self from heaven descend,  
 Such honest footsteps to attend.  
 No more shall war the peaceful plain,  
 Nor hanging nations' annals stain;



# P R E F A C E.

5

None to unrighteous Mammon bow,  
 The golden age return must now:  
 And that will pay the nation's debt,  
 Then why should happy Britons fret.  
 When vines undress'd are fruitful found,  
 And grapes in clusters load the ground:  
 The fruitful soil no more shall need  
 The glittering plowshare, or the steed;  
 But bearded grain in pleasant rows,  
 Spontaneously by handfuls grows,  
 My readers now amaz'd cry where,  
 And when, shall all these things appear?  
 Hush, there's some good, cries neighbour Kemp,  
 They've found out a new sort of hemp.  
 But Governor Philip tells us clear,  
 They had not one hemp-dresser there,  
 So we're no better for't. What then?  
 Are all hemp-dressers honest men?  
 Yes, as most others are, cries Ned,  
 Who labour for their daily bread:  
 These are the bees that feed the hive,  
 'Tis these that make the nation thrive.  
 Your thieves, pickpockets, pimps, and whores,  
 Who go to Botany by scores,  
 Your swindlers, gamblers, baseborn drones,  
 Are plagues, by which the nation groans.  
 Silence, said I, nor passions vent,  
 Read the debates in Parliament:  
 Does not our Minister so wise,  
 Whose well-earned fame salutes the skies,  
 Tell us, this colony will be  
 To us of great utility?  
 And he would have it understood,  
 He labours for the publick good.  
 And bless him, sure he has no fault,  
 He's taken off one tax from malt,  
 So sure the brewers will not fail  
 To make a little stronger ale:  
 That I, in January thinking,  
 May warm my poor old soul with drinking;  
 My palsied shaking hand may set,  
 Much nervous reasoning you'll get;

So that all nations shall agree  
No Robin ever wrote like me.

And can you think that he would send  
These sinners all to the world's end,  
To cost three hundred pounds a head  
In carriage thither, as 'tis said?  
When here in Britain, do you see?  
Thousands of honest men there be:  
Farmers and labourers and draftsmen,  
Weavers, and other handicraftsmen;  
Highlanders poor, now forc'd to roam  
As outcasts from their native home,  
Because their lords, who us'd to be  
Their refuge in adversity,  
To London hie, and live away,  
To pimps and parasites a prey:  
In the high road to ruin run,  
And many hundreds are undone;  
Or heedless of their tenants harms,  
Let out to aliens their farms.

Would he, I say, who's common sense,  
Send out these rogues at such expence?  
When half the sum to each of those  
Useful and honest men, well-chose,  
Wou'd set them up, and make them be  
Blessings to the Community;  
In arts and honest callings toil,  
And make those desert mountains smile.  
How many families each day,  
For this prosperity would pray?  
Who now with hunger pinch'd and cold,  
Are miserable young and old.  
And then, in consequence of trade,  
The poor and wretched happy made,  
Many new families would rise,  
To hail with gratitude the skies:  
Unnumber'd benefits each day,  
Rise every where and every way.

Here, interrupts my neighbour Ned,  
Why this is just what I have said;  
Is he a wiseman, who foregoes  
Considerations, such as those?

And

# P R E F A C E.

7

And all, now cries my neighbour Kemp,  
For saving of a little hemp:  
There's nothing cures a rogue like hanging;  
Then, why such cost to send them ganging?  
Nothing a harden'd rogue can alter;  
The only remedy's an halter.

But hold, it is not civil neighbours,  
To interrupt my learned labours;  
Let me without more trouble, pray,  
End my own story my own way.

I say, our government must have  
Such reasons, as above I gave,  
Or better, if there better can  
Devised be by wisest man:  
And I don't doubt but they can show  
Necessity will have it so.  
And sure there's no resisting fate,  
All must submit or soon or late.  
'Tis the rogues plea you say; what then?  
The plea may serve for honest men.  
One good at least there will arise,  
By sending them to Southern skies,  
The pleasing hope we'll entertain,  
They never may come back again:  
Nor mean I in the least to flout them,  
We've rogues enough at home without them,  
Who should of justice hold the rod,  
Rank hypocrites that mock their God,  
Kill-bastard rogues, who rob the nation  
Of the succeeding generation;  
Rich rogues, that iniquity pride in;  
Proud rogues, in gilded chariots riding;  
Canter self-sent, who mount our fostrums,  
And quacks to poison us with nostrums:  
Cheats for Newmarket, Epsom, York,  
Who still may find the hangman work;  
Those who'll do any thing for rhino  
And many more than you or I know.  
So by your leave we now will end them,  
For neither I nor you can mend them.

Thus ends my Preface, I'll be sworn  
You such an one ne'er read before.

Near Saffron-Walden, Apr. 1, 1792.

JANUARY

JANUARY hath xxxi Days.				M	Decl.
				D	South.
Last Quarter 5	} Day at	0	Hours, 58 M. Ait.	1	22° 57
New Moon 12		8	— 57 M. Morn.	6	22 25
First Quarter 19		2	— 29 M. Morn.	11	21 47
Full Moon 27		3	— 34 M. Morn.	16	20 47
☉ enters ≈ 19 day 11 ho. 58 min. Morn.				21	19 43
				26	18 30

1	21	Tu	Circumcision
2	22	W	
3	23	Th	
4	24	F	
5	25	S	Old Christ. Day
6	26	F	Epiph. 12th D.
7	27	M	Plow Monday
8	28	Tu	Lucian
9	29	W	
10	30	Th	
11	31	F	
12	Ja	S	Old N. Y's. D.
13	2	F	S. aft. Epiph.
14	3	M	Oxford T. beg.
15	4	Tu	
16	5	W	
17	6	Th	Old twelfth day,
18	7	F	Q. Char. b. d. k.
19	8	S	
20	9	F	2 S. af. Ep. Fab.
21	10	M	Agnes Hil. 1 ret.
22	11	Tu	Vincent
23	12	W	Hil. Term beg.
24	13	Th	
25	14	F	Conv. St. Paul
26	15	S	
27	16	F	Septuag. Sund.
28	17	M	Hilary 2 return
29	18	Tu	
30	19	W	K. Ch. I. Mart.
31	20	Th	

POOR ROBIN

TURNUED

QUACK-DOCTOR.

Robin would have it understood,  
He labours for the publick good :  
I pray attend both rich and poor,  
You'll find a salve for many a sore.  
Let him who's the stomachick gout,  
Get a full quart of mountain stout,  
With tansey boill'd therein to take  
Hilary Camb. Term beg.  
Whenever he's the stomach ache;  
When done, he certainly will say  
He reason has for me to pray.

Prisca

To those who've the Scotch fiddle got,  
I recommend a brimstone-pot,  
Which with some sweating, smelling,  
rubbing,  
Is a fine remedy for scrubbing.  
Let her who has St. Anty's fire  
Bleed often and abstain from ire,

Pr. Aug. Fred. ho. 1773.

Heart burn magnesia may cure,  
But old heart-burnings long endure.

Let

## POOR ROBIN

TURNED

## QUACK-DOCTOR.

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 He labours for the publick good :  
 I pray attend both rich and poor,  
 You'll find a salve for many a sore.  
 Let him who's the stomachick gout,  
 Get a full quart of mountain stout,  
 With tansey boil'd therein to take  
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 Whenever he's the stomach ache ;  
 When done, he certainly will say  
 He reason has for me to pray.

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 I recommend a brimstone-pot,  
 Which with some sweating; smelling,  
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 Is a fine remedy for scrubbing.

Let her who has St. Anny's fire  
 Bleed often and abstain from ire,

## Pr. Aug. Fred. ho. 1773.

Heart burn magnesia may cure,  
 But old heart-burnings long endure.

Let

Observations in JANUARY.

M Clock  
D bef. ☉

Now January piercing cold,  
Feels hot to neither young nor old;  
So spit the beef and mend the fire,  
Cold quaking jaws hot meat require,

1	4	22
6	6	37
11	8	41
16	10	29
21	12	0
26	13	10

D D ☉ D  
M ri.&f. ri.&f. age

18	a	30	iii	iii	19	o.	Bonfer
29	32	4	56		20	Ned	Sharp
310	34	3	57		21	Dame	
411	40	3	58		22	Man.	
5	morn	2	58		23	Blue Hen.	
60	47	1	59		24	Black Befs	
71	56	vii.	iv.		25	F. Venner	
83	7	59	1	26			
94	31	58	2	27	Rare.	Dame,	
105	28	57	3	28	'tis said,		
11D	fets	56	4	29	He: husband		
124	a	46	55	5	dead,		
136		3	54	6	Shelov'dhim		
147	20	52	8	2	O most		
158	39	51	9	3	dearly.		
169	56	50	10	4	Whilst he		
1711	9	49	11	5	had life,		
18	morn	47	13	6	Like a good		
190	18	46	14	7	wife,		
201	26	45	15	8	She cuck-		
212	31	43	17	9	olded as		
223	31	42	18	10	fairly.		
234	27	40	20	11	And nowher		
245	18	39	21	12	conscience		
256	4	37	23	13	is so nice,		
26	Dril.	36	24	14	She'd rather		
275	a	13	34	26	where than		
286		14	33	27	marry twice.		
297	15	31	29	17	Rare Dame,		
308	17	29	3	18	so very well		
319	21	28	32	19	respected.		
					She's for a		
					methodist		
					elected.		

*Venus* is an evening star till the 27th of May, when she comes to her inferiour conjunction at 11 at night. After that a morning star during the rest of the year. *Jupiter* is a morning star from the beginning of the year till May 17th, on which day he is in opposition, or six signs in longitude distant from the sun. After which he becomes an evening star, till he comes in conjunction with the sun on the 4th of December; and then he will be a morning star to the end of the year.

The best time of the year for those who are not furnished with good instruments to obtain a sight of the Georgium Planet, so lately discovered by Dr. *Herschel*, is during the months of January and February, but some kind of telescope must be made use of, as I believe, it cannot be seen without. This gentleman has also discovered two more satellite



## FEBRUARY hath xxviii Days.

M	Dec.
D	South.

Last Quarter 4	} Day at {	3 Hours, 38 M. Morn.	11 16° 52'
New Moon 10		7 — 26 M. Aftern.	6 15 22
First Quarter 17		6 — 0 M. Night	11 13 45
Full Moon 25		10 — 36 M. Night	16 12 3
☉ enters ♋ 18 day 2 ho, 46 min, Morn.			21 10 16
			26 8 25

N	O	W	Sundays and	Choice Observations, Maxims and Tales.
S	S	D	Holidays.	

1	21	F		
2	22	S	Purif. Cand. D.	Let him who sits in elbow chair,
3	23	F	Sexagesima Su.	Blasius Bp.
4	24	M	Hilary 3 return	Little to hope and less to fear,
5	25	Tu	Agatha	If he don't like still to sit there,
6	26	W		Go walk abroad and take the air.
7	27	Th		To him that's troubled with sore eyes
8	28	F		I recommend the fat that fries
9	29	S	Hilary 4 return	From old milk cheese, who lives to
10	30	F	Quin. or Shr. S.	see
11	31	M		But drops enough, ne'er blind will be.
12	Fe	Tu	Shro. T.	Let those who have St. Vitus' dance
13	2	W	Ash Wednesday	Old Candlemas day
14	3	Th	Valentine Bp.	That makes them strangely kick and
15	4	F		prance,
16	5	S		Bleed four times, drink chalybeates,
17	6	F	1 S. in Lent	Take purges, opiates, and sweats.
18	7	M		But mind, I write not this for
19	8	Tu		France,
20	9	W	Ember Week	Where the whole nation's got this
21	10	Th		dance.
22	11	F		To her that's troubled with sore legs,
23	12	S		
24	13	F	2 S. in Lt. St. Matthias Pr. Ad. Fred. b.	
25	14	M	D ecl. visible	I recommend the white of eggs
26	15	Tu		Mixt with lead white, and powder'd
27	16	W		fine,
28	17	Th	Days incr. 3 ho.	But

Observations in FEBRUARY.

M Clock  
D b.f. ©

In February, I've been thinking,  
If eating's good, why so is drinking,  
A full quart of sack-posset hot,  
Then's better than an empty pot.

1 14' 7"  
6 14 33  
11 14 39  
16 14 25  
21 13 54  
26 13 6

M D ris. © ris. Ds  
D & sets & sets A.

Sorry Saints,  
& sad sinners.

Prose choice and cheap.

1 10 a 27 vii iv 20  
2 11 34 24 36 21  
3 morn 23 37 22  
4 0 42 21 39 23  
5 1 52 19 41 24  
6 2 59 17 43 25  
7 4 3 15 45 26  
8 5 4 14 46 27  
9 5 56 12 48 28  
10 D sets 10 50 N  
11 6 a 4 8 52 1  
12 7 24 6 54 2  
13 8 41 4 56 3  
14 9 56 3 57 4  
15 11 8 1 59 5  
16 morn vi. v. 6  
17 0 15 57 3 7  
18 1 19 55 5 8  
19 2 18 53 7 9  
20 3 13 51 9 10  
21 4 0 49 11 11  
22 4 42 47 13 12  
23 5 19 45 15 13  
24 Drises 43 17 14  
25 5 a 7 41 19 F  
26 6 12 39 21 16  
27 7 14 38 22 17  
28 8 20 36 24 18

Big Ben,  
Boney Hum-  
phries.

New Jersey-  
Combers are  
as sober,  
As drunken  
Coblers in  
October.

How charm-  
ing hog, dog,  
dirty wine,  
Now rhyme  
in Hodge's  
Valentine.

Guzman,  
Don Quix-  
ote

was a Spa-  
nish knight,  
That with a  
windmill  
needs must  
fight.

If not in  
Spain as-  
suredly  
In France are  
fools as great  
as he.

lites revolving round the body of  
the planet Saturn, nearer to him  
than any that were known be-  
fore; as, also several bright spots  
upon his ring, which have some-  
thing like the appearance of sa-  
tellites adhering to it. But upon  
the whole it does not seem al-  
together to confirm the surmise  
of those who formerly thought  
that the ring itself was nothing  
but a congeries of such satel-  
lites.

However, there is no doubt  
but this indefatigable observer,  
the tube of whose telescope is  
big enough for Poor Robin to  
creep through, will continue  
his curious labours, and give us  
a farther account of them.

It is also to be hoped that  
he will not omit to turn his  
eyes towards the planet Venus,  
and look for the Cupid that a  
French Gentleman, about thirty  
years

## MARCH hath xxxi Days.

M | D | Decl. South.

Laft Quarter 5	} Day at	2 Hours, 38 M. Aft.	1 7 <sup>o</sup> 17
New Moon 12		5 — 57 M. Morn.	6 5 21
First Quarter 19		11 — 37 M. Morn.	11 3 24
Full Moon 27		3 — 34 M. Aft.	16 1 26
			21 N. 32
			26 2 30

☉ enters ♉ 20 Day, 3 h. 8 m. Morn.

1 18	F	David	But not drink too much ale or wine.
2 19	S	Chad	And though it hurt her may to walk,
3 20	F	3 Sun. in Lent	I'll kindly suffer her to talk.
4 21	M		To her that's troubled with the hip,
5 22	Tu		Six smarting lashes from horsewhip
6 23	W		May do some good, but be it known,
7 24	Th	Perpetus,	No hand must give them but her own.
8 25	F		Children for hooping coughs may
9 26	S		take
10 27	F	4 S. in L. Midl. S.	Plenty of Normanton spice cake.
11 28	M		So scarce and short, that search all
12	M	Tu Greg. ☉ ecl, inv	round
13 2	W		The town, one morsel can't be found.
14 3	Th		The ague yields to bark and wine,
15 4	F		Fever to James's powder fine.
16 5	S		The pox yields to mercurial pills,
17 6	F	5 S. in L. St. Pat.	Which too are good for other ills :
18 7	M	Ed. K. of W. S.	But death or sleep both long and sure,
19 8	Tu		Alone can tongues unruly cure,
20 9	W		My wife, who stood behind my chair,
21 10	Th	Benedict	I know not how long she'd stood
22 11	F	Cam, Term ends	there,
23 12	S	Oxford T. ends	Cries, 'mong these med'cines little
24 13	F	6 S. in L. Palm S.	known,
25 14	M	Annu. Lady D.	Candy'd angelico put down.
26 15	Tu		And what's candy'd angelico ?
27 16	W		You fool, she cries, what don't you
28 17	Th		know ?
29 18	F	Good Friday	Why is it not candy'd candy'd ? So
30 19	S		Angelico's angelico ;
31 20	F	Easter Day	Candy'd

## Observations in MARCH.

M	Clock
D	bef. ☉

Red Mars, who much delights in blustering,  
Is busy now his armies mustering,  
'Tis said hot punch still does no harm,  
As March is seldom over-warm.

1	12	31
6	11	23
11	10	6
16	8	41
21	7	10
26	5	37

vine.  
walk,P,  
ipwn,  
own.

may

e.  
h allound.  
ne,s,  
ls :

fure,

chair,  
food

little

t you

So

Candy'd

1	9	a	26	19
2	10	34	32	28
3	11	42	30	30
4	morn	28	32	22
5	0	50	26	34
6	1	55	24	36
7	2	56	22	38
8	3	48	20	40
9	4	34	18	42
10	5	15	16	44
11	D sets	14	46	29
12	6	a	17	12
13	7	35	10	50
14	8	51	8	52
15	10	2	6	54
16	11	10	4	56
17	morn	2	58	5
18	0	19	v.	vi.
19	1	10	58	2
20	2	1	56	4
21	2	45	54	6
22	3	23	52	8
23	3	58	50	10
24	4	28	48	12
25	4	56	46	14
26	D rif.	44	16	14
27	6	a	17	12
28	7	24	40	20
29	8	33	38	22
30	9	41	36	24
31	10	51	34	26

**Francis  
Moore.**

And now be  
hold my lov-  
ing cousin,  
You've got  
off sorry faints  
a dozen.  
If you want  
more, put  
down those  
sinners,  
Who eat  
French re-  
volution  
dinners.  
I'd have  
them  
laugh'd at  
tho' I think,  
They only  
meet to eat  
and drink.  
To sing a  
patriotic  
song,  
Or make a  
speech their  
friends  
among.  
Pray let  
them harm-  
less crack  
their jokes,  
oh

years ago, told the world that he saw so plainly, horned like the mother Venus, and hovering over her, like other Cupids that are seen on pictures. But which is generally thought to have been only an optical illusion, as if there be any such satellite belonging to that planet, it must be of a very singular nature indeed.

Thus far, my kind and loving customers, I am got with this prose column; put it down for a wonder! I have wrote two pages and an half of it, full of truth and without one word of nonsense. Did you ever know me to do the like before? And do you think I shall ever do the like again whilst my name is Robin? Upon my word these are questions that you can answer full as well as I can; for when I begin, what may be the end, or what subject I shall write upon, as I have often told

APRIL hath xxx Days.				M	Dec.
				D	North.
Last Quarter	3	} Day at {	10 Hours 32 M. Aftern.	1	4° 49'
New Moon	10		4 — 35 M. Aftern.	6	6 44
First Quarter	18		6 — 20 M. Morn.	11	8 35
Full Moon	26		5 — 19 M. Morn.	16	10 23
☉ enters 8 19 day at 3 h. 51 m. Aft.				21	12 6
				26	13 45
1 21	M	Easter Monday	Candy'd angelico so bandy'd,		
2 22	Tu	Easter Tuesday	Is then angelico that's candy'd.		
3 23	W	Richard Bp.	Well done, said I, turning about,		
4 24	Th	St. Ambrose	I own, my dear, you've made it out.		
5 25	F	Old Lady Day	What must this candy'd stuff be put		
6 26	S		for?		
7 27	F	1 S. aft. E. Low S.	The simples, fool, you've ne'er been		
8 28	M		cut for.		
9 29	Tu		So down I put, order'd by dimples,		
10 30	W	Ox. & Ca. T. be.	Candy'd angelico for simples;		
11 31	Th		Which I declare, nor think I fib,		
12	A	F	I ne'er had done but for my rib.		
13	2	S	She says, think not the medicine vague.		
14	3	F	2 S. aft. Easter		
15	4	M	Easter T. 1 ret.		
16	5	Tu	I've known it order'd for the plague.		
17	6	W	Tis a rare medicine on my life,		
18	7	Th	If it can cure a scolding wife.		
19	8	F	I said, a greater plague needs no more		
20	9	S	Than a vexatious noisy woman.		
21	10	F	The plague to cure, and still the scold		
22	11	M	The medicine's worth its weight in		
23	12	Tu	gold.		
24	13	W	Besides, she cries, if you had sense,		
25	14	Th	You'd eas'ly earn us some more pence		
26	15	F			
27	16	S	St. Mark Prs. Mary born, 1776.		
28	17	F	For I have got John Gregory's bill,		
29	18	M	That might a page or two well fill.		
30	19	Tu	John Gregory's bill! what's that about		
			She pull'd an old newl-paper out.		
			When		



Dec.  
North.

4° 49'  
6 44  
8 35  
10 23  
12 6  
13 45

ut,  
it out.  
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out.

When

# Observations in APRIL.

M | Clock  
D | bef. ☉

Now April kind divides her showers,  
'Mong myriads of plants and flowers,  
Clothes with new liveries the trees,  
Sweetening the soft and tepid breeze.

13' 45"  
62 15  
110 52  
16 After.  
21 1 30  
26 2 27

1	11	57	V. VI.	20
2	morn	30	30	21
3	0	58	28	32
4	1	53	26	34
5	2	40	24	36
6	3	21	22	38
7	3	57	20	40
8	4	28	18	42
9	4	59	17	43
10	D sets	15	45	N
11	7 a	47	13	47
12	8	58	11	49
13	10	6	9	51
14	11	8	7	53
15	morn	5	55	5
16	0	2	3	57
17	0	49	1	59
18	1	30	IV. VII.	8
19	2	6	57	3
20	2	38	56	4
21	3	6	54	6
22	3	31	52	8
23	3	56	50	10
24	4	20	48	12
25	D rise	46	14	15
26	7 a	35	45	15
27	8	47	43	17
28	9	56	41	19
29	11	0	39	21
30	11	56	37	23

On kings  
and other  
little folks.  
People  
shou'd differ  
in opinions,  
It tends to  
clear the  
world of  
minions:  
Who're tro-  
blesome as  
any race is,  
And wriggle  
into great  
folks'graces.  
And these as  
soon as they  
inherit,  
With all  
their might  
bespatter  
merit.  
Wou'd drive  
the ship on  
rocks and  
shelves,  
And others  
starve to  
feast them-  
selves.

told you in this delectable per-  
formance, is sometimes as much  
a mystery to me, as to the man  
in the Moon, when there was  
one there; for even the existence  
of this personage, so evidently  
seen with a bunch of sticks upon  
his back, by many wise quick  
piercing eyes of my fair country-  
women, men and children, both  
young and old, ever since the  
time. it is said that the children  
of Israel stoned the man for ga-  
thering sticks on Sundays, Sa-  
turdays I mean, have mercy on  
my poor head, I am sure when I  
was a child my grandmother said  
Sundays, and she was as wise an  
old woman as most were in the  
corporation town where she liv-  
ed. And laughed at the Mayor  
of the town, who; in those days,  
at a corporation feast, during the  
lifetime of Frederick Prince of  
Wales,

## MAY hath xxxi Days.

M | ☉ Decl.  
D | North.

Last Quarter 3  
New Moon 10  
First Quarter 18  
Full Moon 25

Day  
at

4 Hours 25 M. Morn.  
3 — 31 M. Morn.  
0 — 53 M. Morn.  
3 — 52 M. Aft.

1 15° 17  
6 16 44  
11 18 4  
16 19 16  
21 20 20  
26 21 15

☉ enters II 20 day at 4 ho. 26 m. Aftern.

1	20	W	St. Phil. & Ja.	Where, thro' my spectacles I see
2	21	Th		Strange cures by Dr. Spillbury,
3	22	F	Inv. of the Cr.	But when to brink of grave you're
4	23	S		brought,
5	24	F	5 Saf. E. Rog. S	He gives advice, but not for nought.
6	25	M	St. Jo. Ev. a. P. L.	Easter Term 4 return.
7	26	Tu		Here's Mr. Gratitude, who took
8	27	W		His medicines from his master's book,
9	28	Th	Holy Th. Asc.	And modestly in every town,
10	29	F	Easter T. 5 ret.	Now advertises as his own.
11	30	S		
12		M	Su. aft. Ascen.	Old May Day
13	2	M	Easter T. ends	Graham's celestial beds and chairs,
14	3	Tu		That set together by the ears
15	4	W		Each man and wife to make them
16	5	Th	Oxford T. ends	know
17	6	F		They're not in heav'n but earth below.
18	7	S		
19	8	F	Whit-Sunday	Qu. Charlotte b. 1744. Dunst.
20	9	M	Whit-Monday	Then here's Leake's justly famous pills,
21	10	Tu	Whit-Tuesday	Prs. Eliz. b. 1770. Cam. T. d.
22	11	W	Ember Week	A certain cure for nameless ills.
23	12	Th		And Dr. Jack, who cures these ails
24	13	F		When ev'ry other medicine fails.
25	14	S		
26	15	F	Trinity Sunday	Augustin, 1st Abb. of Canterb.
27	16	M	Venerable Bede	Here's Adams' solvent for the stone,
28	17	Tu	[Ox. T. b.	Waxing the thread of life, as shewn
29	18	W	K. Ch. II. Rest.	In case of late Lord George Germaine,
30	19	Th		Said by it to be freed from pain.
31	20	F	Trinity T. beg.	With

Observations in MAY 1793.

M Clock  
D aft. G

See May kind welcome blithe and fair,  
On studded Carpet now appear,  
Of every Hue Flowers ting'd with Gold,  
And every Beauty we behold.

Y	3	11
6	3	41
7	3	56
16	3	57
21	3	45
26	3	19

1	morn	IV	VII	21
2	0	46	34	26
3	1	28	32	28
4	2	5	31	29
5	2	36	29	31
6	3	6	27	33
7	3	48	25	35
8	4	3	24	36
9	D sets	22		38
10	7	2	21	39
11	8	58	19	41
12	9	55	18	42
13	10	46	16	44
14	11	31	14	46
15	morn	13		47
16	0	10	12	48
17	0	43	10	50
18	1	11	9	51
19	1	35	7	53
20	2	1	6	54
21	2	25	5	55
22	2	49	3	57
23	3	17	2	58
24	D rises	11		59
25	7	2	41	50
26	8	48	58	2
27	9	50	57	3
28	10	44	56	4
29	11	30	55	5
30	morn.	54		6
31	0	9	53	7

These mi-  
nions are a  
corfed race,  
All nations'  
history dis-  
grace.  
If you the  
book have  
now before  
ye,  
N Play read  
our second  
Edward's  
story.  
3 And then  
4 you'll say,  
5 if you don't  
curse,  
6 Minions  
7 than patri-  
ots are  
8 worse,  
9 So pray pull  
10 no more  
11 houses  
12 down,  
13 It frights  
14 the good,  
15 and spoils  
16 the town.

Wales gave the following most  
sensible and loyal, if not prophetic  
toast.

Here's wishing that Prince Frederick  
may make a good King  
George the Third.

There are many more foolish  
toasts given I fear at this time of  
the day, by people that think  
themselves wiser than ever folks  
were in generations past, and still  
call themselves patriots! Bless  
their sapient heads!

But whither am I running?  
Sure I have forgot that I am  
famed for sticking close to my  
subject, and not making needless  
digressions. I was going to tell  
you, that I no more believed in  
the man in the moon, than I did  
in the Frenchman's Cupid, or in  
the natural beauty of the French  
woman's complexion, who rubbed  
her face five times thick of rouge.

Caveaton.

## JUNE hath xxx Days.

M D Dec. North.

Last Quarter	8	} Day at {	9 hour 33 min. morn.	1	22 <sup>0</sup> 9'
New moon	8		17 min. Aft.	5	22 44
First Quarter	16		0 min. Aft.	13	23 9
Full moon	24		8 min. morn.	19	23 23
Last Quarter	30	} Day at {	14 min. Aft.	21	23 27
				26	23 31

☉ enters ♍ 21 day, 1 hour 10 min. morn.

1	21	S	Nicomede	With dextrifices, without doubt, If you have teeth can rot them out. Cephalic snuff, that's good for those,
2	22	F	1 Sun. aft. Trin.	Boniface.
3	23	M	Trinity T. 2 ret.	That take delight to blow their nose. Ointments for th' head the feet, the pores; Egyptian ointment for old sores.
4	24	Tu	K. Geo. III. b.	
5	25	W	Pr. E. August b.	
6	26	Th		
7	27	F		
8	28	S		
9	29	F	2 Sun. aft. Trin.	Trin. Term 3 return.
10	30	M		And British herb tobacco, if You would be sick, some take a whiff.
11	31	Tu	St. Barnabas	Its virtues are by Rowley shown, Who says, he thro' the world is known.
12	June 1	W		Affirms the invention was divine, Have mercy on his head and mine! Here's baume of life for young and old,
13	2	Th		And Bateman's drops by Dacey sold; Good to procure a little sleeping, When you are weary'd out with weeping.
14	3	F		Moreover, here's the baume of health,
15	4	S		Midsummer day.
16	5	M	3 Sun. aft. Trin.	For those who have less wit than wealth.
17	6	Tu	St. Alban T. 4 ret.	
18	7	W	Trinity Ter. ends	
19	8	Th	Trans. Ed. K. W. S.	
20	9	F	Longest Day	
21	10	S		
22	11	F	4 Sun. after Trin.	
23	12	M	Nat. of St. John B.	
24	13	Tu		
25	14	W		
26	15	Th		
27	16	F		
28	17	S	St. Peter	
29	18	F	5 Sun. aft. Trin.	
30	19	S		

## Observations in JUNE.

M	D	Clock	aft. Sun.
1	2	33	
6	1	42	
11	0	44	
16		before	
21	3	22	
26	2	25	

Now on the secret shady Bush,  
Sweet sing the Nightingale and Thrush;  
And every Youth and every Fair  
Admire the Beauties of the Year.

1	mor.	43	11	VIII	22	Old Wemy
2	1	10	51	9	23	Dick Frank
3	1	37	51	9	24	Philip.
4	2	5	30	10	25	Bunker.
5	2	32	49	11	26	Squeaker.
6	3	2	48	12	27	Will. Wall.
7	3	36	48	12	28	From a bad
8	3	47		13	29	nest.
9	8	38	46	14	1	To pick the
10	9	24	46	14	2	best's,
11	10	5	45	15	3	A piece of
12	10	40	45	15	4	work,
13	11	10	44	16	5	Wood'd tire
14	11	38	44	16	6	a Turk.
15	morn	44		16	7	This always
16	0	2	43	16	8	drank,
17	0	25	43	16	9	That's wife
18	0	47	43	17	10	a punk.
19	1	12	43	17	11	One curing
20	1	39	43	17	12	corns,
21	2	10	43	17	13	One stealing
22	2	47	43	17	14	thorns,
23	3	43		17	15	A colamite,
24	8	30	43	17	16	An hypo-
25	9	19	43	17	17	critic;
26	10	2	43	17	18	Is his faith
27	10	39	43	17	19	right?
28	11	9	43	17	20	Who'll steal
29	11	38	44	15	21	and bite?
30	morn	44		15	22	

Thus far, gentle readers, we are got, without one word of the long meal made upon cold meat at honest Mr. Griffin's, by the holy Mr. Martens, the sage Sancho, the eloquent Mr. Syntax, and the profound Mr. Trigon; and before I can begin about them, pop comes the following French proverb across my *sensorium*, memory-box, or discerning faculty,

*Un homme sage & prudent ne se livre point à la fantaisie d'autrui.*

In English.

*A wise and prudent man is not to be led by the whims of other people.*

What, says I, can this plaguy French proverb come into my head for? To be sure I can have nothing to do with it, for who in this world ever took Poor Robin for a wise and prudent man. Certainly, so sure as a man is poor,



Poor Robin!

1793

JULY hath xxxi Days.

M D Decl. North.

New Moon the 8	} Day {	4 ho.	33 m.	Morn.	1	23°	5'
First quarter the 16		8	54	Morn.	6	22	39
Full Moon the 23		7	22	Morn.	11	22	3
Last quarter the 29		10	46	Aft.	16	21	17
☉ enters ♋ 22 day, at 0 hours 4 m. Afternoon.					21	20	22
					26	19	19

1	20	M		Most gladly sure they'll part with
2	21	Tu	Cam. commencem.	Visitation B. V. Mary
3	22	W	Dog Days begin.	gold,
4	23	Th	Tras. of St. Martin	To make them young again when
5	24	F	Old midsummer da.	Cambridge Term ends
6	25	S		old.
7	26	F	6 Sun. aft. Trin.	Tho. & Becket
8	27	M	Oxford A&.	Attenuating tincture mind,
9	28	Tu		And Wace's tincture for short
10	29	W		wind;
11	30	Th		A fell disease, most people die on't,
12	July	F		And so will you, you may rely
13	2	S	Oxf. Term ends	on't.
14	3	F	7 Sun. aft. Trin.	Antipertussis, Fendon's drop
15	4	M	Swithin	Design'd a shaking hand to prop.
16	5	Tu		Daffy's original elixir,
17	6	W		A purge that drives through thin
18	7	Th	24 Stationary	and thick, Sir.
19	8	F		Corn salve by Bott, by Smith, by
20	9	S	Margaret	Kimber,
21	10	F	8 Sun. aft. Trin.	Imperial oil old joints to limber.
22	11	M	Magdalen	No spragly toes, nor harden'd
23	12	Tu		knees,
24	13	W		Can stand without the use of these.
25	14	Th	St. James	Then here in English coffee still,
26	15	F	St. Anne	If you be well may make you ill.
27	16	S		The Ormkirk medicine for mad
28	17	F	9 Sun. aft. Trin:	dogs,
29	18	M		And Dr. Freeman's drops for sad
30	19	Tu		dogs,
31	20	W		

# Observations in JULY.

M Clock  
D Def. ©

Now in July both Young and Old;  
To Liqueur hot prefer the cold;  
Mind, make the cold with Spirits warm,  
Cold Water drinking oft does Harm.

T	3	25
6	4	19
11	5	4
16	5	37
21	5	57
26	6	3

1	morn.	4	VIII	23	Jack Hirst
2	0	32	46	14	24 Col. Jack
3	1	1	47	13	25 Ludlow
4	1	32	47	13	26 Joice
5	2	7	48	12	27 Delboro'
6	2	48	49	11	28 Hutchinson
7	D	sets	49	11	29 Barbara
8	7	25	50	10	29 Whitaker
9	8	36	51	9	1 Old Lowry
10	9	6	52	8	1 Lo here
11	9	35	53	7	3 you've got a
12	10	1	54	6	4 noble fight,
13	10	25	55	5	5 Of sinners
14	10	48	56	4	5 as e'er saw
15	11	12	57	3	6 the light.
16	11	36	58	2	7
17	morn	59		1	8
18	0	5	IV	10	9 Revolution
19	0	38	2	58	11 Whatgood's
20	1	18	3	57	12 in the
21	2	7	4	56	13 French Re-
22	3	6	5	55	14 volution,
23	D	rises	7	53	15 Is a hard
24	8	2	36	52	16 problem for
25	9	6	10	50	17 solution.
26	9	37	11	49	18
27	10	6	12	48	19 Now the
28	10	34	14	46	20 green mea-
29	11	2	15	45	21 dows gay,
30	11	33	17	43	22 Are become
31	morn.	18		42	23 wither'd

So sure is all the world that he is  
neither wise nor prudent. Besides,  
I have often informed my readers  
that my finances were deanged,  
or rather, that I had none to de-  
range, and that my shirt was at  
that wise and prudent man's than  
pawnbroker's, my coat out at the  
elbows sometimes, and sometimes  
no coat to be out at the elbows,  
and for that reason I never could  
be made a free-mason, because it  
is a general rule of that open and  
candid society, that all their mem-  
bers should have good coats to  
wear, and waistcoats, and breeches  
with money, bless us, yes, with  
gold and silver in their breeches  
pockets, good hats, good shoes  
and buckles, and stockings, and  
ruffles with shirts to them. If it  
would procure me all these, to  
me rare and comfortable things,  
O how I should delight to be a  
free-mason! But the die is cast,

## AUGUST hath xxxi Days.

M  
D©. Dec.  
North.

New Moon	6	} Day at {	7 ho. 33 m. Aft.
First Quarter	14		9 26 Aft.
Full Moon	21		2 46 Aft.
Last Quarter	28		9 18 Morn.

1	17 <sup>9</sup>	52'
6	16	32
11	15	5
16	13	33
21	11	55
26	10	12

© enters W 22 day, at 6 hour 25 Min. Aft.

1	21	Th	Lammas day	
2	22	F		Here's never failing drops by Grant,
3	23	S		To drive out cold, when coal is
4	24	F	10 Sun. aft. Trin.	scant;
5	25	M		One shilling spent can do no harm
6	26	Tu	Trans. of our Lord	For drops that always keep one warm.
7	27	W	Prs Amelia born	Here's Venloe's syrup good for colds,
8	28	Th		Name of Jesus.
9	29	F		And lemon salts for iron moulds.
10	30	S	St. Lawrence	
11	31	F	11 Sun. aft. Trin.	Prs of Brunswick born
12	Aug. 1	M	Pr. of Wales b.	Old Lammas d. [Dog d. end
13	2	Tu		Which are a secret worth unfolding,
14	3	W		And save the laundry maid from
15	4	Th	Assumption	scolding.
16	5	F	D. of York born	Here's Vandour's pills to cure weak
17	6	S		brains,
18	7	F	12 Sund. aft. Trin.	And James's for rheumatic pains;
19	8	M		Godfrey's cordial too, and that's
20	9	Tu		Most excellent for squalling brats,
21	10	W	D. of Clarence born	To end distraction; noise, and riot,
22	11	Th		And keep our wives and nurses
23	12	F		quiet.
24	13	S		With plasters, tinctures, draughts
25	14	F	13 Sun. aft. Trin.	and pills,
26	15	M		For all, and more than all our ills.
27	16	Tu		
28	17	W	St. Augustine	
29	18	Th	St. John Bapt. beh.	
30	19	F		
31	20	S		

## Observations in AUGUST.

M	D	Clock
		be. °

In mellow yellow waving Vest of Gold,  
Studded with blue, rich August now behold,  
With Ceratocopia full of ripen'd Grain,  
A smiling Virgin bearing up the Train.

1	5	31"
6	5	25
11	4	44
16	3	49
21	2	41
26	1	21

1	mor. 8.	IV	VII	24	Each day	
2	0 41	22	38	25	now when	
3	1 30	23	37	26	the weather	and poor old Bob, must still be
4	2 19	25	35	27	favours,	poor old Bob; for never when
5	3 11	26	34	28	Farmers re-	I was young could I ever raise
6	D sets	28	32	N	new their	two guineas to spare, to pay for
7	7 2	39	30	1	useful la-	admission into this unpatch'd fra-
8	8 6	31	29	2	bours,	ternity. And though the fame
9	8 30	33	27	3	And every	of having such a noble head as
10	8 51	35	25	4	hill, and	Poor Robin's amongst them might
11	9 17	37	23	5	every plain,	have advanced their true famer
12	9 40	38	22	6	Produce	as much as building Solomon's
13	10 8	40	20	7	plenteous	temple, yet they never could be
14	10 38	42	18	8	loads of	prevailed upon to admit one for
15	11 14	44	16	9	grain.	charity. Notwithstanding all
16	11 57	45	15	10	And O how	this, who can doubt but free-
17	morn.	47	13	11	jocundly	masonry is a truly charitable in-
18	0 50	49	11	12	they come,	stitution? Since they take such
19	1 53	51	9	13	Joy'd with	sure pains not to admit any real
20	D rises	53	7	14	the sound	objects of charity amongst its
21	7 2	54	6	F	of harvest	members. That it is a most
22	7 38	56	4	16	home.	disinterested fraternity, prefer-
23	8 9	58	2	17	The strong	ring its own members to all
24	8 38	V	VI	18	new work.	mankind, is evident to all the
25	9 8	2	58	19	The young	world; for which reason, the
26	9 39	4	56	20	now learn,	butcher most disinterestedly turn
27	10 13	6	54	21	To build the	free-mason, that he may sell his
28	10 51	8	52	22	stack, and	meat; the tinker, that he may
29	11 33	9	51	23	fill the barn.	
30	morn.	11	49	24	Ah! what	
31	9 20	13	47	25	loud laugh	
					and merry	
					glee,	
					We at the	
					harvest sup-	
					per (see)	



## SEPTEMBER hath xxx Days.

M	Decl.
D	North..

New Moon	5	} Day at {	11	ho.	57	m.	Morn.	1	8°	3'
First Quarter	13		7		52		Morn.	6	6	12
Full Moon	19		11		8		Night.	11	4	18
Last Quarter	26		11		36		Night.	16	2	23
☉ enters 22 day at 2 Hours 58 min. Aftern.								21	0	26
								26	1 S	31

1	21	F	14 Sun. aft. Trin.	Giles Ab. and C.
2	22	M	15 Lond. b. 1666.	This well may serve to call to
3	23	Tu	(O. S.	mind
4	24	W	Old St. Bartholom.	The miseries of human kind,
5	25	Th	Sun eclipsed visib.	But lest we run it too thread-bare,
6	26	F		With your consent we end will
7	27	S	Enurchus B.	here.
8	28	F	15 Sun. aft. Trin	How anxiously! what care and cost
9	29	M		Nativity of B. V. Mary
10	30	Tu		Men take for life, when health is
11	31	W		lost!
12	1	Th	Sep. 1	And after all return they must,
13	2	F		Full well they know to kindred
14	3	S	Holy Cross	dust;
15	4	F	6 Sun. aft. Trin.	And yet they ast, as if made sure
16	5	M		They might for evermore endure.
17	6	Tu	Lambert B. M.	The notion's right enough, but
18	7	W	Ember Week	then
19	8	Th		Men err about the where and
20	9	F		when;
21	10	S	St. Matthew	So heedlessly both age and youth
22	11	F	17 Sun. aft. Trin.	Neglect the most important truth,
23	12	M		
24	13	Tu		K.G. 3. or. Equal D. & Night.
25	14	W		Did they use half the cost and care
26	15	Th	St. Cyprian M.	For an hereafter to prepare;
27	16	F		They all might be, or Robin lies,
28	17	S		For ever happy, good and wise.
29	18	F	18 Sun aft. Trin.	
30	19	M	St. Jerome C. D.	St. Michael Prfa. Royal bo



Observations in SEPTEMBER.

M	D	Clock	ft.	Sun
1	6	0	25	
11	16	3	44	
21	21	5	28	
26	21	7	14	
	26	8	50	

See loaded Orchards of delicious Fruit,  
Of Tinge and Flavour, all to suit,  
Give me enough of these, from Trouble free,  
Great Folks may take their Pine-Apples for me,

1	1	m.	12	V	26	K. James II.
2	2		8	17	43	27
3	3		6	19	41	28
4	4		sets.	20	30	29
5	6	a	41	23	37	N
6	7		6	25	35	1
7	7		29	27	33	2
8	7		51	29	31	3
9	8		19	31	29	4
10	8		48	32	28	5
11	9		21	34	26	6
12	10		3	36	24	7
13	10		48	38	22	8
14	11		46	40	20	9
15		morn		42	18	10
16	0		52	44	16	11
17	2		5	46	14	12
18		rises.		48	12	13
19	6	a	34	50	10	F
20	6		44	52	8	15
21	7		17	54	6	16
22	7		47	56	4	17
23	8		21	58	2	18
24	8		56	VI	V	19
25	9		38	2	58	20
26	10		24	4	56	21
27	11		14	6	54	22
28		morn		8	52	23
29	0		9	10	50	24
30	1		9	12	48	25

sell his pots and pans; the baker, that he may sell his bread; the fishmonger, his fish; and I hope that the charity of the brotherhood carries them so far, that they will rather buy stinking meat, had kettles, mouldy bread, and stinking fish of brother masons, than sweet and good of the non-initiated. Besides, if I had but been initiated into these mysteries, how much greater numbers of this learned work of mine would have been sold, to the utter exclusion of all the rival works of my brother almanack makers, and the emolument of my masters the worshipful Company of Stationers, at whose hall I then might have sat like an alderman dining with my brother masons. But alas! too truly said that wise mason Solomon, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not

## OCTOBER hath xxxi Days.

M	Decl.
D	South
1	3° 27'
6	5 23
11	7 18
16	9 10
21	10 58
26	12 42

New Moon	5	} Day {	4 ho. 37 m.	Morn.	1	3° 27'	
First Quarter	12		4	46	Aft.	6	5 23
Full Moon	19		9	0	Morn.	11	7 18
Last Quarter	26		5	47	Aft.	16	9 10
☉ enters W 22 day at 10 ho. 56 m. Nights					21	10 58	

1	20	Tu	Remigius	Serious Reflections.
2	21	W		
3	22	Th		And now my sportive rhyming
4	23	F		muse,
5	24	S		Let us a serious subject chuse:
6	25	P	19 Sun. aft. Trin.	Faith V.
7	26	M		A catalogue of all diseases,
8	27	Tu		He may be merry with that pleases;
9	28	W	St. Denys	But sure the ills of human life,
10	29	Th	Ox. and C. T. beg.	Old Michaelmas day
11	30	F		The disappointments, losses, strife,
12	Oct. 1	S		
13	2	P	20 Sun. aft. Trin.	Tr. of K. Edw. Confessor
14	3	M		The cares that vex, the pains that
15	4	Tu		gall,
16	5	W		No laughing matters are at all.
17	6	Th	Etheldred	They may be blessings in disguise,
18	7	F	St. Luke.	To those that see thro' wisdom's
19	8	S		eyes,
20	9	P	21 Sun. aft. Trin.	Yet spite of what the Stoics call
21	10	M		Man's fortitude, they've none at
22	11	Tu		all;
23	12	W		'Tis true religion that must teach,
24	13	Th		The pang-struck pining, sinking
25	14	F	K. Geo. III. ac.	wretch,
26	15	S	K. Geo. III. procl.	That they are sent, by way of
27	16	P	22 Sun. aft. Trin.	trial,
28	17	M	St. Simon and Jude	Crispin Mart.
29	18	Tu		Patience to teach, and self-denial;
30	19	W		When smarting by affliction's rod,
31	20	Th		Spemissively to trust in God:

Observations in OCTOBER.

M	Ther. Bar.	Wind	Cloud	alt. Sun
1	10	33		
6	12	2		
11	13	21		
16	14	28		
21	15	21		
26	15	57		

Let others sing the Olive-tree and Vine,  
In Southern Climates yielding Oil and Wine;  
I hope a plenteous barley crop not fail,  
But yield us Store of strong October Ale.

1	2 m. 8	VI.	V	26	hypocrite,
2	3 11 16		44	27	That tram-
3	4 12 18		42	28	pled on all
4	5 fets 20		40	29	law and
5	6 a 8 22		38	N	right.
6	6 32 24		36	1	For villany
7	7 0 26		34	2	and murder
8	7 32 28		32	3	past,
9	8 10 29		31	4	What do
10	8 54 31		29	5	you think
11	9 45 33		27	6	he got a
12	10 46 35		25	7	last?
13	11 55 37		23	8	A conici-
14	morn 39		21	9	ence ever
15	1 9 41		19	10	him alarm
16	2 27 43		17	11	ing
17	3 46 45		15	12	With fears,
18	4 rises 47		13	13	against
19	5 2 49 49		11	F	which
20	6 21 51		9	15	there's no
21	6 56 53		7	16	arming.
22	7 36 55		5	17	Stranger to
23	8 21 56		4	18	comfort and
24	9 11 58		2	19	delight,
25	10 6 VII	IV	20	20	No rest he
26	11 3 2		58	21	got by day
27	morn 4		56	22	or night.
28	0 2 6		54	23	The other
29	1 3 8		52	24	by hot
30	2 6 9		51	25	bigots led,
31	3 9 11		49	26	Was very

heard. But whether the whole world be altogether of this opinion, I cannot positively say, there is, however, no harm in trying.

A friend of mine, having occasion to cross the county of Leicester upon a journey, wanted some account of it: I therefore reached down a book, which did not happen then to be among the rest at the pawnbroker's, intituled the Natural History of England, by Benjamin Martin, who, I suppose, was a very rich man, in comparison of Poor Robin, and might be a mason for any thing I know to the contrary.

Looking over this learned author's account of the rivers there, I found the following singular account of the Sear; and which all my readers too may find, if they please to turn to the same page in the same book.

## NOVEMBER hath xxx Days.

M D Dec.  
South.

New Moon	3	{ Day at }	8 ho. 26 m. Aftern.	1	14° 41'
First Quarter	11		0 44 Morn.	6	16 13
Full Moon	17		8 46 Aftern.	12	17 39
Last Quarter	25		2 47 Aftern.	16	18 57
☉ enters ♌ 21 day at 7 hour 8 min. Afternoon.				21	20 6
				26	21 6

1	21	F	All Saints.	
2	22	S	Pr. Edw. born	All Souls
3	23	F	23 Sun. aft. Trin.	Pfs Sophia b, Mor. of A.S. 1 r.
4	24	M	K. Wm. landed	To raise our thoughts from earth to
5	25	Tu	Powder Plot	heaven,
6	26	W	Leon. Mich. T. be.	Forgive, in hopes to be forgiven.
7	27	Th		Freedom and health are valued most,
8	28	F	Prs. Aug. Soph. b.	When health and freedom both are
9	29	S	Lord Mayor's day	lost.
10	30	F	24 Sun. aft. Trin.	When all the splendor of the earth
11	31	M	St. Martin	Attends nobility of birth,
12	Nov. 1	Tu	Cam. T. d. m.	Morr. of St. Martin 2 ret.
13	2	W	Britius	At home, abroad, and all around,
14	3	Th		Health and prosperity abound,
15	4	F	Machutus	When all he hears of, sees, or knows,
16	5	S		And wishes in abundance flows;
17	6	F	25 Sun. aft. Tr Hugh	When those he never saw before,
18	7	M	In 8 d. St. M. 3 re.	And those he wants to see no more,
19	8	Tu		All with one voice declare around,
20	9	W	Edmund K. & Mar.	They are his humble servants bound,
21	10	Th		Parsons may preach, and poets write,
22	11	F	Cecilia. O. Mart.	Whate'er displeases him he'll slight.
23	12	S	St. Clement	No charms for him has future bliss,
24	13	F	26 Sun. aft. Trin.	He wants no other world but this.
25	14	M	D. of Glo. b. Cath.	
26	15	Tu		In 15 days of St. Mart. 4 ret.
27	16	W		But shou'd misfortune's fearful band,
28	17	Th	Mich. Term ends	True daughters of misconduct stand
29	18	F		
30	19	S	St. Andrew	



Observations in NOVEMBER.

Observations in NOVEMBER.										Click D aft. Sun.		
In this sad Month the Woods and Orchards drear, Strip'd of their Summer Liveries appear, The Birds in Flocks to Southern Climates fly, And lowing Cattle to their Fodder hie.										1	16	14
										6	16	17
										11	13	18
										16	14	49
										21	13	40
										26	12	10
1	4	13	11	IV	27	And found						
2	5	18	15	45	28	at last with						
3	5	sets	17	43	N	care and						
4	5	2	35	18	42	cost,						
5	6	10	20	40	2	He'd totally						
6	6	5	3	22	98	three king-						
7	7	43	24	36	3	doms lost.						
8	8	42	25	35	4	Hypocrisy,						
9	9	50	27	33	5	pride and						
10	11	0	29	31	7	ambition,						
11	most	30	30	30	8	Rank bigo-						
12	0	14	32	28	9	tany and su-						
13	1	31	33	27	10	perfection,						
14	2	47	35	25	11	The con-						
15	4	4	37	23	12	traries						
16	5	20	38	22	13	have been						
17	5	riser	40	20	14	combin'd,						
18	5	2	41	19	15	To the con-						
19	6	10	42	18	16	fusion of						
20	6	58	44	16	17	mankind,						
21	7	50	45	15	18	And made						
22	8	47	47	13	19	them drink						
23	9	45	48	12	20	as bitter						
24	10	46	49	11	21	potions,						
25	11	47	51	9	22	As modern						
26	most	52	52	8	23	levelling						
27	0	50	53	7	24	false no-						
28	1	53	54	6	25	tions.						
29	2	57	55	5	26	No honest						
30	4	4	56	4	27	men are						
						made the						
						slaves						
						Of crafty						
						and design-						
						ing knaves.						

The chief rivers are, the Avon		
Soar, Anker, and Welland, of		
which the Soure or Soar is the		
psincipal, anciently called the		
Leire, which rising with a double		
head on the north side of the		
county, runs with a broad cur-		
rent through the middle of the		
county, by Loughborough, and		
thence to Leicester, receives in		
its passage the Senfe and the		
Wreke, and empties itself near		
Woolsey, on the borders of War-		
wickshire. So far Mr. Martin.		
Poor Robin says, that the Soar		
rises from a double head on the		
southern side of the county near		
the borders of Warwickshire		
runs from thence to Leicester		
whith it passes with a deep and		
narrow stream, and from thence		
by Loughborough to Normanton		
upon Soar; after which, it di-		
vides the counties of Leice-		
ster and Nottingham, till it empties		
itself into the great river Trent.		





## Observations in DECEMBER.

M	D	Clock	aft. Sun.
1	10	22	
6	8	18	
12	6	2	
16	3	37	
21	1	9	
26	1	20	

Now other Months have run their defin'd Race,  
 December last comes on with creeping Pace;  
 Ye Rich and Great, the Poor to shield from Harm,  
 Let Heaven-born Charity your Botoms warm.

1	5 m. 9	VII	IV	28	J. Partridge
2	1 sets	58	29	Men. Season	Astrology.
3	4 40	59	1	N	
4	5 27	VIII	III	1	
5	6 25	1	59	2	The autient
6	7 29	2	58	3	Robins, as
7	8 40	3	57	4	we spell
8	9 55	3	57	5	affels,
9	11 10	4	56	6	So spelt
10	morn	5	55	7	Astrology
11	0 26	5	55	8	a double s,
12	1 40	6	54	9	The wight
13	2 54	6	54	10	who with
14	4 7	7	53	11	this art his
15	5 19	7	53	12	conscience
16	6 rise	7	53	13	fears,
17	4 2 36	8	52	14	Deserves a
18	5 26	8	52	15	a good long
19	6 21	8	52	16	pair of affes
20	7 19	8	52	17	cars.
21	8 21	8	52	18	
22	9 22	8	52	19	T. Gadbur
23	10 22	8	52	20	W. Andrew
24	11 24	8	52	21	J. Sharp
25	morn	7	53	22	S. Pearse
26	0 28	7	53	23	H. Coley
27	1 31	7	53	24	E. Sibley
28	2 37	6	54	25	A. Wright
29	3 44	6	54	26	
30	4 52	6	54	27	And the rest
31	6 1	5	55	28	of them,

And now, my kind and gentle readers, take which account you please, either that, according to the sage Mr. Martin, the Son rises in the northern part of the county, runs all the way up hill to Loughborough and Leicester, and from thence to near Woolsey, where it empties itself (into a chamber-pot perhaps, for) Mr. Martin has forgot to tell us where it empties itself into; or, the account by Poor Robin, which has nothing in the world but the plain truth to recommend it.

And you will find in the second part of this my so delectable performance, opinions concerning other things quite as contradictory to those advanced by people that think themselves much greater than Mr. Martin. And my readers are left just at the same liberty to believe either them, or Poor Old Robin, when he speaks the truth, and shames the devil.

## A TABLE of Terms and their Returns 1793.

*Very necessary for all those who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to go to Law.*

Hilary Term begins Jan. 23, ends Feb. 12.

Returns or Essoign Days.	Jan.	Ex.	Ret.	Ap.	W. D.
On the Octave of St. Hillary,	20	21	22	23	Wedn.
In 15 days from the day of St. Hillary,	27	28	29	30	Wedn.
On the Mor. of the Purif. B. V. M.	Feb. 3	4	5	6	Wedn.
On the Octave of the Purif. B. V. M.	9	10	11	12	Tues.

Easter Term begins April 17, ends May 13.

In 15 Days after Easter	April 14	15	16	17	Wedn.
In 3 weeks from Easter day	21	22	23	24	Wedn.
In 1 Month from Easter day	28	29	30	1	Wedn.
In 5 Weeks from Easter day	May 5	6	7	8	Wedn.
On the Morrow of the Ascension	10	11	12	13	Mond.

Trinity Term begins May 31, ends June 19.

On the morrow of the Holy Trinity	May 27	28	29	31	Friday
On the Octave of the Holy Trinity	June 2	3	4	5	Wedn.
In 15 Days from the Holy Trinity	9	10	11	12	Wedn.
In 3 Weeks from the Holy Trin.	16	17	18	19	Wedn.

Michaelmas Term begins Nov. 6, ends Nov. 28.

On the morrow of All Souls,	Nov. 3	4	5	6	Wedn.
On the morrow of St. Martin,	12	13	14	16	Satur.
On the Octave of St. Martin.	18	19	20	21	Thurs.
In 15 Days of St. Martin,	25	26	27	28	Thurs.

N. B. No sittings in Westminster-hall on Ascension Day, Midsummer Day, and the 2d of February.

The Exchequer opens eight days before any Term, except Trinity, before which it opens but four days.

Now, That the first and last days of every Term, are the first and last days of appearance.

To honest Lawyers I'm so civil  
To own them for a needful Evil.

# POOR ROBIN,

1793.

## PART THE SECOND.

Containing as much Astrology as is necessary, for a performance of this kind, and no more than the truth; which gives it by much the preference to all other annual prognostications: with such tables, and observations, as (added to the first part) are highly useful to all astronomers, astrologers, accomptants, chronologers, and politicians.

Golden Number 8 | Cycle of the Sun 10 | Number of Direction 11  
The Epact - 17 | Roman Indict. 11 | Dominical Letter F.

### ASTRONOMICAL CHARACTERS,

PLANETS	SIGNS of the ZODIAC.
☉ The Sun.	♈ Aries.
☾ The Moon.	♉ Taurus.
☿ Mercury.	♊ Gemini.
♀ Venus.	♋ Cancer.
♂ Mars.	♌ Leo.
♃ Jupiter.	♍ Virgo.
♄ Saturn.	♎ Libra.
♊ Ascending Node.	♏ Scorpio.
♋ Descending Node.	♐ Sagittarius.
♌ Conjunction.	♑ Capricorn.
♍ Opposition.	♒ Aquarius. ♊ Pisces.

### THE ANATOMY.



A scheme so contriv'd, that by day and by night,  
Who studies the most, will be farthest from right.



*A correct* TABLE of the MOON'S SOUTHING calculated  
*one who has any thing to do with*

M.	Jan.		Feb.		March		April.		May.		June.	
D.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
1	2	M. 46	3	M. 30	2	M. 15	3	M. 37	4	M. 27	6	M. 6
2	3	30	4	16	3	0	4	32	5	25	6	56
3	4	13	5	2	3	49	5	29	6	21	7	46
4	4	30	5	51	4	40	6	26	7	15	8	36
5	5	41	6	43	5	33	7	23	8	8	9	25
6	6	27	7	38	6	29	8	19	9	0	10	15
7	7	15	8	36	7	27	9	15	9	51	11	5
8	8	7	9	36	8	25	10	9	10	42	11	55
9	9	3	10	37	9	23	11	2	11	32	0	A. 46
10	10	2	11	39	10	22	11	54	0	A. 23	1	35
11	11	3	0	A. 37	11	19	0	A. 47	1	15	2	23
12	0	A. 5	1	33	0	A. 15	1	39	2	6	3	10
13	1	6	2	26	1	8	2	30	2	56	3	56
14	2	4	3	18	2	1	3	21	3	45	4	40
15	2	59	4	8	2	52	4	12	4	33	5	23
16	3	52	4	57	3	43	5	1	5	19	6	5
17	4	42	5	46	4	33	5	49	6	4	6	48
18	5	30	6	35	5	23	6	36	6	48	7	33
19	6	18	7	24	6	12	7	22	7	31	8	20
20	7	6	8	12	7	0	8	7	8	15	9	10
21	7	53	8	59	7	47	8	51	9	0	10	3
22	8	41	9	46	8	34	9	35	9	47	11	0
23	9	29	10	32	9	20	10	20	10	36	11	59
24	10	17	11	17	10	5	11	7	11	28	Morn.	
25	11	4	Morn.		10	49	11	55	Morn.		1	0
26	11	50	0	1	11	33	Morn.		0	23	2	0
27	Morn.		0	45	Morn.		0	45	1	29	2	58
28	0	35	1	30	0	19	1	38	2	19	3	54
29	1	20			1	6	2	33	3	18	4	47
30	2	3			1	54	3	30	4	16	5	39
31	2	46			2	44			5	12		



for the YEAR of our LORD, 1793, highly necessary for every  
her either by Land or Water.

M.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1	6 M. 28	7 M. 41	8 M. 59	9 M. 24	10 M. 19	10 M. 23
2	7 17	8 31	9 47	10 9	11 3	11 14
3	8 7	9 20	10 32	10 51	11 49	0 A. 5
4	8 56	10 9	11 17	11 35	0 A. 37	1 0
5	9 45	10 56	0 A. 1	0 A. 19	1 28	1 58
6	10 35	11 43	0 44	1 4	2 21	2 55
7	11 25	0 A. 28	1 28	1 50	3 16	3 52
8	0 A. 13	1 13	2 11	2 39	4 12	4 47
9	1 0	1 56	2 56	3 30	5 8	5 40
10	1 46	2 39	3 43	4 23	6 4	6 31
11	2 31	3 21	4 32	5 17	6 58	7 21
12	3 14	4 5	5 24	6 13	7 51	8 11
13	3 57	4 51	6 18	7 10	9 43	9 2
14	4 40	5 39	7 16	8 7	9 35	9 53
15	5 23	6 30	8 15	9 2	10 27	10 45
16	6 8	7 24	9 13	9 57	11 19	11 37
17	6 55	8 21	10 11	10 52	Morn.	Morn.
18	7 46	9 21	11 9	11 46	0 12	0 29
19	8 4	10 22	Morn.	Morn.	1 6	1 20
20	9 37	11 22	0 5	0 40	1 59	2 10
21	10 37	Morn.	1 0	1 33	2 51	2 57
22	11 38	0 21	1 54	2 27	3 41	3 43
23	Morn.	1 18	2 48	3 20	4 30	4 27
24	0 39	2 13	3 41	4 12	5 16	5 9
25	1 38	3 6	4 33	5 3	6 0	5 51
26	2 35	3 58	5 25	5 53	6 43	6 33
27	3 29	4 50	6 15	6 40	7 26	7 16
28	4 21	5 41	7 4	7 25	8 9	8 1
29	5 17	6 32	7 52	8 9	8 52	8 48
30	0 1	7 22	8 39	8 53	9 37	9 39
31	6 51	8 11		9 36		10 33

*The use of the foregoing TABLE of the Moon's Southing, to find the time of High-Water, and the hour of the night.*

- I. To find the time of High-Water in most parts of  
E N G L A N D, &c. &c.

Take the time of the Moon's Southing for the day proposed, and to that add the hours and minutes which stand against the place required in the following Table of sea-coasts, and the sum will be the time of High-Water at the place required on that day.

A Table of the Sea Coasts.		H. M.
<i>Portsmouth, Queenborough, Southampton,</i>	- -	0 00
<i>Rochester, Winchelsea, Flushing,</i>	- -	0 45
<i>Dorset, Gravesend, Ramkins, Guernsey,</i>	- -	1 30
<i>Denbeigh, Bell-Isle, Holy-Isle, Downs-Road,</i>	- -	2 15
<i>London, Tinnmouth, Whitby, Hartlepool,</i>	- -	3 00
<i>Scarborough, Berwick, Flushing, Staples,</i>	- -	3 45
<i>Flamborough, Humber, Bridlington-Bay,</i>	- -	4 30
<i>Plymouth, Ramsey, Newcastle, Severn,</i>	- -	5 15
<i>Lynn, Fosdyke, Hull, Weymouth, Dartmouth, Cross-Keys,</i>	- -	6 00
<i>Boston, Start-Point, Foulness, Bristol-Key,</i>	- -	6 45
<i>Bridgewater, Milford-Harbour, Lizard, Wintertown</i>	- -	7 30
<i>Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, the Needles,</i>	- -	8 15
<i>Isle of Man, Orkney, Pool, South-Foreland,</i>	- -	9 10
<i>Dover, Harwich, Orfordness, Bullein,</i>	- -	10 10
<i>Rye, Solebay, Margate-Road,</i>	- -	11 15

- I. To find the hour of the night by the shadow of the moon on a sun-dial.

1. When the shadow falls precisely on the hour 12, then the time of the Moon's southing, found in the preceding table is the exact time of night. But in other cases,

2. If the shadow wants of 12, see how much it wants of it; Which time subtracted from that of the Moon's southing, leaves the time of night. *Note,* You must add 12 hours to the Moon's southing, if need be.

3. If the shadow has past 12, add the time that it has past it to the time of the Moon's southing; the sum will be the time of night required; abating 12 hours from that sum, if need be.

## THE TIMES,

## A P O E M.

*Latus in præsens animas, quod ultra est**Oderit curare, & amora lento**Temperet risu; nihil est ab omni**Parte beatum.*

Hor.

**T**HE mind of the wise, with the present content,  
 Hates carking and caring for future event;  
 With gentle hilarity sweetens each woe,  
 For no perfect happiness sound is below.

This impression the hundred thirty and first  
 Is my friends to instruct, not make laugh till they burst.  
 My Ephemeris, fam'd so for moving each passion,  
 Makes men laugh, and cry too, when crying's the fashion.  
 You've long seen how serious I am, what applause  
 I bestow on perversers of excellent laws,  
 Which howe'er just and good, if expounded by lawyers,  
 Whom I think less useful than cobblers and sawyers,  
 Are turn'd, twin'd, and twisted to every sense,  
 That thus they may get our pounds, shillings, and pence.  
 All friends to Great-Britain and her constitution  
 To please, my works aim'd from its first institution.  
 So, God prosper both Houses, long live our good King,  
 And send all their defamers at Tyburn may swing.

And pray recollect, this my work was begun  
 At the æra, fifth monarchy men were undone,  
 The whole nation convinc'd that these rogues were in grain,  
 Who the people bewitch'd with pretences so vain,  
 Had bereav'd a poor King of his life and his crown,  
 When folks saw in his stead none from heaven came down,  
 They unanimously joy'd in the King's restoration,  
 While traitors and hypocrites fled from the nation.  
 And its still been the custom, from that time to this;  
 For Robins at state-fools and great fools to hiss,  
 In our calendar chronicle sad saints and sinners,  
 Who in those times of turbulence were the chief winners.

In the number Old Nol, *Praisegod* Barebones, and Vane,  
 With Bradshaw, and others, whose heads were insane,  
 Long Meg, Black Moll, Dirty Paps, all in a-tether,  
 Whores, traitors, and hypocrites lumping together.  
 With innocent mirth, and too true tales of these,  
 We Robins have always endeavour'd to please.  
 And I hardly shall then our false Patriots spare,  
 Who now, with unparallel'd impudence, dare  
 Broach doctrines subversive of all peace and order.  
 And leveling notions, on treason that border.  
 That all men are equal by nature they hold,  
 Tho' they know it's a lye curst as ever was told:  
 For since mother earth from old chaos was torn,  
 In all respects equal two men ne'er were born:  
 And surely those men must have intellects pliant,  
 To see all are equal, a dwarf to a giant;  
 Moreover, to follow these sapient rules,  
 Wise men are but equal to natural fools:  
 And where this equality are we to find,  
 If it neither exists then in body nor mind?  
 Did the maxim so sage come from midwives and nurses,  
 Who thought babes were born without gold in their purses?  
 Yet these say 'tis brave thought in lands north or south  
 To be born with a large silver spoon in ones's mouth.  
 That where there is a hill, there's always a dale,  
 So a pox take this plaguy equality tale.

In my learn'd work last year, I hope well understood,  
 As all may remember, their heads being good,  
 Harper Orpheus I brought from the brimstone abode  
 Of old Vulcan the blacksmith, to sing them an ode  
 About love and order, and such things as those,  
 Which, of old, wise men wrote on, tho' mostly in prose.  
 For he knew not love now, so much priz'd heretofore,  
 Polite sensibility'd kick'd out of door.  
 Nor that men than to listen to order were prouder,  
 That tho' dogs yelp aloud, yet the mobs still yelp louder;  
 Nor that fashion was changed, and men now not such elves  
 Any creature to love but their own dear sweet selves;  
 That subordination was quite antiquated,  
 And the very existence of goodness debated.



That order, and harmony could not remain,  
But descending from heaven, must go there again.  
Nay, he said sense and truth were far better than fiction,  
And lov'd quiet and peace more than mobs' contradiction.  
So I told this musician his preaching was vain,  
If he wish'd to be heard he must copy Tom Paine,  
Who once wrote a book that he call'd *common sense*,  
But peace, sense, and reason, quite banished thence;  
On the joys of distraction, division and riot  
Most successfully preach'd, to the then sitting Diet  
Beyond the Atlantick; and never would cease,  
Till bloodshed and ruin brought both sides to peace.  
To the grief of poor Tom, and his utter vexation,  
So grown useless at home, he cross'd o'er to this nation.  
Where he knew party spirit, that loves contradiction,  
Cou'd call falsehood truth, and plain truth cou'd call fiction.  
No doctrine so foolish, pernicious, and vain,  
But here cunningly handled can proselytes gain,  
Among those disappointed in craft gain or pride,,  
Who would all things confound their own weakness to hide,  
Out came Rights of Man, as he very well knew  
Men were many in number, and kings were but few,  
He said, all men were equal by nature, so it  
Must be shameful for many to few to submit.  
This of part the first a great beauty is reckon'd;  
What can he say more then in his part the second?  
Wherein, as men yeast mix (we're told) with new wines,  
He happily practice with theory combines.  
If the first part bid subjects at kings make grimaces,  
Does the second part teach them to spit in their faces?  
Do pr'ythee, Tom, take then thy doctrine to France,  
Where sure the Parisians all round thee will dance;  
With wreaths of fresh laurel thy temples will crown,  
Since thy theory and practice are just like their own.  
But in Britain, John Bull justly values his king,  
And honest John Bull is a strange stupid thing:  
He tupps with his horns, and he stamps with his feet,  
And he tosses the foe that he chances to meet;  
All the wise men of Gotham, who went in the rain  
To hedge-in the cuckow, him cannot restrain;  
Nor those of Manchester, admirers of Paine:



Who say that Manchester's the city of man,  
 And think it their duty as much as they can,  
 In every news-paper throughout this great nation,  
 To publish Tom's fame for the sake of vexation;  
 To furnish fine themes for each spouting club speaker,  
 All sign'd by their chairman and deputy speaker.  
 These doctrines pray roar out on every hill,  
 Inform them their duty's the vallies to fill.  
 What a shame 'tis that mountains their tops still should  
 hide

In the clouds, or that woods on those mountains should ride,  
 Memorials of giants disgracing the world,  
 Who the mountain of *Ossa* on *Pelion* hurl'd,  
 Who can doubt the account, that of old *Plutarch* gave,  
 How *Sertorius* the Roman, on opening the grave  
 Of *Anteus* in *Africa* found therein treasur'd  
 A skeleton, cubits long sixty that measur'd.  
 But as these things destroy your equality plan,  
 They needs must be lies, so believe them who can!  
 And yet far stranger things you would make us believe,  
 That the whole world's a riddle, or rather a sieve,  
 Into which when *Dame Venus* her urinal pours,  
 All mortals but patriots take it for show'rs,  
 Or that Poor Robin's garret, tho' six stories high,  
 Is as low as a coal pit, 'cause under the sky;  
 That each acorn of oak is as big as a pumpkin,  
 And a prince is no more than a country bumpkin;  
 That a patriot's privilege is to whore sauger,  
 And the crime not so great near as using of sugar;  
 That the Whites are all bad, and the Blacks are all good,  
 And tea sweet'ned with sugar's poor African's blood.  
 So you'd have us to drink now without rule or reason  
 Rare patriot posset well sweeten'd with treason.  
 Such speeches and draughts, honest men, without doubt,  
 With you'd drink, stare, and roar till your eyes tumble  
 out.

False patriots sure are the pest of all nations,  
 Confounding all order, all callings and stations;  
 They dress up wrong notions their malice to vent,  
 And make other men dupes of their own discontent.

All pretending they write for the publick good,  
This by the unwary is misunderstood,  
So the simple, but honest, misled by pretences,  
Are bilk'd of their peace, or bereav'd of their senses;  
Their honest fair callings and trades are neglected,  
When by these foolish notions and speeches infected;  
By such ways as these do some men rise to fame,  
When their end is confusion, and mischief their aim.

But seriously Tom, all this cannot mean thee,  
For by words without sense few deceived can be.  
Yet thy second part *must* be, it seems, very fine,  
And with principles false, foolish practice combine,  
Does it teach all our wives then to cuckold their spouses,  
And when they have done, to set fire to their houses?  
Or are they such maxims, such stories or tales,  
As led the French ladies the road to Versailles?  
So pure and so peaceable like those before,  
Who cut off the heads of the French *gardes du corps*?  
Poor fellows! and guilty of no other thing,  
But loving their country, and guarding their King.  
Do you think, ye seditious, that make such a rout,  
That innocent blood won't for vengeance cry out?  
Had it been your mobships that thus had been slain,  
What poems of mourning our presses would stain?  
With all the pathetick that fancy can paint,  
Would each atheist rascal be dubb'd for a saint?  
Sure your Constitution not prove very good,  
If you found it on violence and innocent blood.  
What noises are made on the sufferings of slaves,  
By patriot poets, 'gainst West-trading knaves,  
Who in silence pass by, as it were to deride  
Greater sufferings of Whites, who are not on their side,  
With murder and treason, with strife and vexation,  
Thus foul party-spirit can plague every nation:  
Make a mountain a mole-hill, a ton weight a feather;  
Thus theory and practice combining together.  
If the theory make the contented suspicious,  
The practice must then make the quiet seditious.  
And, O the great glory and good worth maintaining!  
Attending the mystery of proselyte gaining!

To doctrines like these fraught with all satisfaction,  
 Commending each lowly and praiseworthy action,  
 How humble this makes men, and quite other things!  
 How pious to parents! how loyal to kings!  
 Must those be who're led by such maxims as these,  
 That all men a right have to act as they please.  
 For since they by nature are equal 'tis plain,  
 That one man another's no right to restrain.  
 Who doubts but a rogue then a right has to greet,  
 On highways the traveller he chances to meet,  
 Saying all should be equal, with threatening curse,  
 Since no money I have, I've a right to your purse,  
 Believe you these doctrines, you ought to be bang'd,  
 If you say this a thief is, and ought to be hang'd.  
 Men their natural rights had forgot, there's no doubt,  
 Or this curs'd art of hanging had ne'er been found out.  
 So what a disgrace was that man to man's nature!  
 Who found out the gallows? How curs'd the traitor!  
 And rais'd be his fame loud, and high as a steeple!  
 Who first found that majesty mob meant and people.  
 That nobles were birches that grew the pools brim on,  
 And kings therein logs, for the frogs all to swim on.  
 O what sage sapient heads these fine maxims advance!  
 Which true as the gospel are reckon'd in France.  
 The gospel indeed out of fashion is grown there,  
 So much so, you'd swear that it never was known there.  
 It ten enemies has sure in every eleven,  
 Among the *tiers état*, who ne'er think of heaven;  
 Yet familiarly with all their nobles in hell,  
 As if that a place were these *états* knew well.  
 And honest John Bull says, old Davy there brings  
 All robbers of churches, and mobbers of kings.  
 He hates all intruders wherever they spring,  
 And still reads the old book, that says *honour the king*.  
 Loves honest good men to fill every station,  
 And honest John Bull is the English nation.  
 But what's this French nation of sinners a doing,  
 Their princes to banish, their nobles to ruin?  
 Than the brute have they less sense? That cover'd with flies  
 Sucking gore from its raw flesh as helpless it lies?

Then

Then up comes a hedge-hog, as Æsop declares,  
 And offers to drive off these flies with its hairs.  
 Oh no! says the creature, heav'n bless you forbear  
 To drive off these flies now, but let them stick there;  
 For they pretty well fill'd are, and tho' they're the same,  
 They don't bite so sharply as when they first came.  
 Whereas, should you drive these away, when they're gone,  
 A new hungry swarm will come flay me to the bone.  
 I wish not this too like the wise Gallick nation,  
 Their old nobles driving each one from his station;  
 Tho' they were well fill'd, and the nation well us'd  
 To their biting, which never before was refus'd.  
 But now they are gone, it is said, people find,  
 A worse race of bloodsuckers far left behind;  
 Sad hungry dogs, that rubb'd horses in stables,  
 Behind counters cheated, or waited at tables;  
 For nobles, we're told, now are come in their rooms,  
 A fine parcel of varlets, of shopmen, and grooms.  
 Let who'll sink or swim, all these men must be fed,  
 For they must and will eat, and make you find them bread.  
 The families you, whence the fathers are flown,  
 And the children cry bread, and these give them a stone.  
 Perhaps, you may say, I the whole don't embrace,  
 Nor of our wise neighbours have quite hit the case.  
 Tho' the tree be cut down, yet they still have the stump,  
 Or, what pleases them better, nobility's rump:  
 And the rump's a fine thing for French asses to kick at,  
 And this the Parisians sure never will stick at.  
 This city the nobles did chiefly support,  
 Now they've cast them aside, and disfranchis'd them for't:  
 Where scarlets and coronets glitter'd before,  
 They have got in their stead a new sh-tten barn door,  
 Which, like dark winter's night, in the new mode so shines,  
 It the sight of their blessings to themselves confines,  
 And a very few others enlighten'd as they,  
 Who put bitter for sweet, and gross darkness for day.

If these were light matters, one write might in sue,  
 But think on Domingo! what horror's begun!  
 What a sample is here of a new constitution!  
 Are these the effects of your bless'd revolution?  
 Can you quite unfeelingly hear such disasters?  
 Hark! the hard-hearted blacks have murder'd their masters!

The



The innocent babes fair, that smilingly hung  
 At the breasts, whilst the mothers in agony clung  
 To them, regardless of prayers, tears, and groans,  
 Have been forc'd from their arms, and beendash'd on the stones!  
 And the yet tender prattlers that lifted up cries,  
 Black flew, lest from these after vengeance should rise.  
 So horrid the scene it description abashes,  
 The country's destroy'd and the towns burnt to ashes;  
 A white infant empal'd for an ensign blacks bore,  
 And committed all crimes ever heard of, and more.  
 Where all was hilarity, joy and delight,  
 Now's a desolate wilderness silent as night.  
 Tho' the *amis des noirs* may in mischief rejoice,  
 It's said here, with almost unanimous voice,  
 But for your revolution this never had been,  
 Sure, your callous hard hearts must revolt at the scene.

Yet Tom, of the Terrible ship, Captain Death,  
 To bring on such things spends his labour and breath;  
 Ah Tom, there's no doubt but thy heart's made of stone,  
 And thy head, if not wood, it is sure solid bone.  
 Undaunted to boast perseverance and pride,  
 Disinterestedness compelling respect too beside,  
 In political eminence rising and swelling,  
 The most difficult line to succeed and excel in.  
 In thy own book, thus puffing thy own consequence,  
 Must make all men admire, Tom, thy good common sense.  
 But Tom, aristocracy where it yet stands,  
 And I hope it long stand will in all happy lands,  
 Fit place and time teaches, and never, I see,  
 Produc'd a more vain bragadocio than he.

Transatlantic affairs too, that make such a rout,  
 And stone-heads and bone-heads so bandy about;  
 Constitution America is, I am sure,  
 To properly speak, aristocracy pure.  
 And say what you will, it's well understood there,  
 That the publick's the beast that all burdens must bear.  
 Does Congress consist, Tom, of rich men or poor?  
 Great dogs worry little dogs all the world o'er,  
 And when this Congress goes to the grave or the devil,  
 Will great dogs to little dogs then be more civil?  
 When these men are gone who have all things perplexed,  
 Will they chuse out a congress from cottages next?



Or will not the strong sway the weak at their will?  
And the sons of the rich the poor many sway still?  
Where the few rule the many is, Tom, to be sure,  
In the world nothing but aristocracy pure.

And then, O ye sage heads! what difference springs,  
Whether rulers be made or by cobblers or kings?  
If the king's a good king we may trust him and ought,  
Since the rabble's a beast that is oft sold and bought.  
Is the difference enough mighty nations to fire,  
In the words Count and Marquis, or Mr. and Squire?  
To a cypher or nothing the whole must amount,  
When the Squire's rich as Marquis, and Mr. as Count.

Then democracy but for a cant word is kept,  
In old world or new world (small *Basil* except.)  
And only seems fitted, howe'er some may prate,  
For one single city, or very small state.  
Where folks by themselves, not by deputies act,  
There only democracy pure is in fact.

But where's the great nation, search all the world round,  
Among whom any government like this is found?

All deputies are *ipso facto*, no more  
Democrats whatever they might be before.

And whate'er the Assembly French themselves call,  
If they're not aristocrats they're no crats at all.

The French wish to appear what they are not 'tis true,  
Such wish and desire to be sure's nothing new.

They proffer their friendship, and hope to elate us,  
Yet cordially bid the Americans hate us.

They say the French nation's to them been so civil,  
That they should do no less than send us to the devil.

Yet I think these Americans are not so blind,  
But to see with their friendship self-interest combin'd.

If them they supported it was us to tame,  
And the ruin of Britain was their only aim.

Is perfidious craft and false cunning the bench,  
That must ever exclusively hold all the French?

Nor think their King only and Council to blame,  
Read *De la Croix* or *Brissot* you'll find just the same.

When the messengers from St. Domingo had told  
Their sad and true tale, and shock'd both young and old,  
Such as these said, of losses they made a great fuss,  
But that traitors they were, and received help from us.

Thus

Thus to their calamities adding vexation,  
 Tho' they knew they were loyal and true to their nation.  
 Now thy lucky hits, Tom, so manly and bold,  
 What *parvum in multis* amaz'd we behold!  
 Self-praise commendation is great thou hast shewn,  
 And the contrary maxim is from the world flown:  
 Poor *Burke* dares no more wag his tongue or pen now,  
 Such a genius amazing, O Tommy, art thou!  
 Thy style too, so nervous, so polish'd, and sage,  
 Wounds like the fool's doctrine on mountebank stage.  
 Like the methodist priest, who divinely cries put on  
 The plate now some money, to buy beef and mutton,  
 For you know I must eat, tho' I be not a glutton. }  
 So with sound wholesome doctrine you wiseacres treat,  
 And the more buy your books, Tom, the more you've to eat.  
 For tho' Tom may always associate with sinners,  
 He can't always *gratis* partake of their dinners.  
 Then what a thing rare is a revolu— feast,  
 He wishes for one there were forty at least.  
 To sit like a hero and hear himself roasted,  
 Drink plenty of wine, and devour boil'd and roasted.  
 To boast, swell, and puff, there demonstrates men bold,  
 Fashion new this, such cowards were reckon'd of old.  
 Yet men in all ages, as history shews,  
 And nations were apt to be led by the nose,  
 By specious designs, and by words fair and civil,  
 Sometimes to do good but more oft to do evil.  
 For state-quacks like body-quacks nostrums dispense,  
 Sophisticate poison and call it good sense,  
 With smooth honey'd words they disseminate ills,  
 And induce patients healthy to take nasty pills.  
 But my country I wish to beware of new notions,  
 As they happiness love, and abhor bitter potions.

And as to this Tom, I have mentioned by name,  
 Pray my countrymen ask, whence and wherefore he came?  
 And if the design why he hither did dance,  
 Was to alter our government, join us to France:  
 I hope, when they pray, they will not pray in vain,  
 That he'd take himself cross the Atlantick again.

So pr'ythee Tom go now, nor think these are puns,  
 For in England live most unmerciful duns;  
 Not all the fine things, Tom, thou ever hast wrote,  
 Nor all the fine speeches, that flew thro' thy throat.

Can move in the least that sell monster a Bum,  
 But if ever he gets thee safe under his thumb;  
 Thou never must know thy dear liberty more,  
 But die in vile durance like King Theodore.  
 Whose example may prove, its not such a fine thing,  
 As some people take it, to be a poor king.  
 And he who his friends tries, will soon find them fail,  
 When he may lie and rot till he die in a jail.

May 1, 1792.

### ECLIPSES. 1793.

Within the compass of this year,  
 Just four Eclipses will appear,  
 Two of the Sun, two of the Moon;  
 And when and where I'll tell you soon.

Monday, Feb. 25, the Moon will be visibly eclipsed at Greenwich in the evening.

Beginning 9 h. 23 m.  $\frac{1}{4}$ . Middle 10 h. 45 m.  $\frac{1}{4}$ . End 12 h. 6 m.  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Digits eclipsed  $6^{\circ}$  on the Moon's North Limb.

Tuesday, March 12, in the morning, the Sun will be eclipsed, but invisible in these parts of the earth.

Wednesday, Aug. 21, the Moon will be eclipsed, but it will be over before she rises here.

Thursday, Sept. 5, the Sun will be visibly eclipsed at Greenwich in the morning.

Beginning 9 h. 37 m. Greatest Obscuration 11 h. 8 m.  $\frac{1}{4}$ . End 1 h. 44 m.  $\frac{1}{4}$ . Digits eclipsed  $9^{\circ} 28'$  on the Sun's North Limb. The Moon makes the first impression on the solar disk at  $29^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$  from the Sun's vertex on the right hand.

But pray don't ask what these are signs of;

Astrology I write no lines of.

But seriously I'm afraid,

Both whores and cuckolds will be made.

So spice with nutmeg well my toast,

And lay me down a hare to roast,

I both good eating need and drinking,

For I am weary'd out with thinking.

N. B. The letter from *Stockton* did not come to hand till the copy was finished; but will be noticed next year.

OBSER-

## OBSERVATIONS on the FOUR QUARTERS.

The *Spring Quarter* begins March 20, when the Sun enters the imaginary celestial sign Aries. *Summer*, June 21, when he enters Cancer. *Autumn*, September 22, when he enters Libra. And *Winter*, December 21, when he enters Capricorn. The hours and minutes for every one of these you will find in red letters at the heads of those respective months in the Calendar. As to seconds, we do not stand upon such exactness in these things, which are the invisible and imaginary ones of light not darkness; so we will kindly bestow seconds upon those sons of darkness who fight duels.

*Spring*, ever welcome, glads the genial bowers,  
From opening buds producing leaves and flowers,  
The garden's glory, and the orchards pride,  
The snow-drop first, the crocus by its side,  
Come while stern Winter has not left the plains,  
But storming threatens still with rough remains;  
The violet, lily, polyanthus rear  
Their beauteous heads when April glads the year;  
But who can count the charms of lovely May?  
When all is sweet, delightful, new, and gay.

*Summer* begins the twenty-first of June,  
Which, old wives say, puts every thing in tune;  
The truth of this however's a doubtful thing,  
For birds more sweetly sung when it was spring:  
But then, as June and tune together rhyme,  
We must not look for truth at the same time.  
And while by old wives tales I'm led astray;  
Friends, don't forget to reap your corn and hay.

*Autumn* comes next, so fam'd for all things dainty,  
Good corn and wine, rich pears and pippins plenty.  
A good coal fire, when nights are long and cold,  
May warm both toes and fingers young and old.  
Dear friends, Poor Robin hopes you will not fail  
This quarter, to brew plenty of good ale.  
Remembering often to invite the knight;  
To see it's joy, but drinking it's delight.

*Winter's* the season last and coldest found,  
And nipping frost locks up the genial ground;  
As says the gypsy song, cold as can be,  
But not so very cold as charity.

